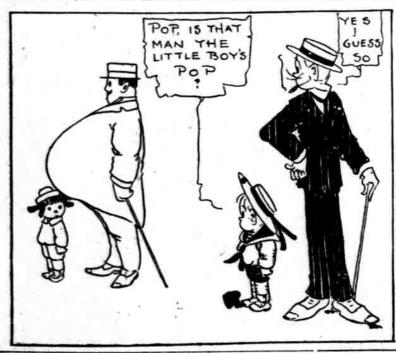
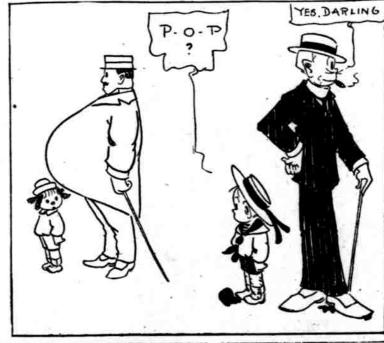
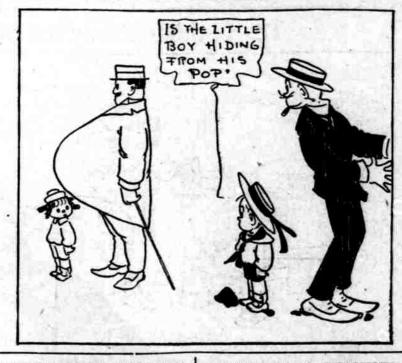
"S' MATTER, POP?"









SPANISH VETERANS TO HAVE MEETING

Fourteenth Annual Convention Will Be Held by Local Camps Tomorrow.

The fourteenth annual convention of the Department of the District of Columbia, United Spanish War Veterans, will open its session tomorrow night at 8 o'clock in Eagles' Hall, Sixth and E streets northwest. There will be reports of officers for the business year, projects outlined for the ensuing year, a new set of officers elected, delegates to the national encampment at Buffalo September selected, and other important matters dispose dof. Department Commander Jere A. Costello will

Those by right of office held and the delegates having voice and votes in the roceeding are as follows:

Department staff-Department Commander Jere A. Costello, Senior Vice Commander J. Ligon King, Junior Vice Commander H. C. Wilson, Inspector John F. Cassidy, Marshal Henry S. John F. Cassidy, Marshal Henry S. Hurlburt, Judge Advocate John Lewis Smith, Surgeon F. H. Morehart, Chaplain William A. Dowling, Chief of Staff J. A. Driscoll, Department Adjutant Albert E. Smith, Department Quartermaster H. C. Porter, Assistant Department Adjutant Richard J. Donnelly, Assistant Department Quartermaster James E. Maynard, Historian John Murphy.

Miles Camp Delegates.

Nelson A. Miles Camp, No. 1-Comander Howard M. Peter, Senior Vice Commander Sigmund Dirnfeld, Junior Vice Commander C. W. McCaffrey, Past Camp Commanders D. J. Leahy, C. W. Past Department Commanders J. Walter
Mitchell, G. E. Rausch, John Lewis
Smith Delegates Ernest Goltz Charles
around here and yet say so?"
The newcomer screwed his eyeglass and looked deliberately round the room. J. P. Weber, Ollie N. Schriver, Peter J.
Brennan, Alternates M. D. Mettee, R. L.
Trice, P. E. Shomette, O. Ledoux.
Richard J. Harden Carry.

Harlow, Harry B. Coulter; Delegates A.
J. Correll, John Perkins, L. A. Tonquist, C. W. Gwynne. Albert B. White.
Richard J. Williams; Alternates Ernest
Christopher, E. F. Clements, P. J. McCracken, L. A. Hesper, Joseph Daly,
W. J. Sammond.

James S. Pettit Camp, No. 3—Commander H. V. Shurtleff. Senior Vice.

"What affluence!" he sighed meditatively. "I have not possessed a watch
for a year, and I've only ninepence in
my pocket. They give me tick here.

Partment Commanders S. Clifford Cox. sum, but partment Commanders S. Clifford Cox. sum, but Part Camp Com- met one. George H. Harries; Past Camp Com-manders C. L. G. Anderson, Sheridan Ferree, Edward J. Dimmick, William S. Hodges, Richard L. Lamb, Edwin M. Lawton, Adolph Van Reuth, Oliver L. laers: Delegate Edward Keegin, Alternate John Farner, Past Camp Com-mander Francis B. Wheaton. John Jacob Astor Camp, No. 6-Com-

mander Frank McCarron, Senior Vice Commander John Dolan, Junior Vice Commander John Kran, Past Camp Commanders Emil Fenstad, G. Leyburn Shorey, Francis J. Sullivan, Joseph F. Sullivan, John S. M. Zimmerman; Delegate Edward B. Blaine, Alternate James E. Byrne.

Navy Men Will Attend.

Dewey Naval Camp, No. 7-Commander John F. Mahoney, Senior Vice Commander Charles R. Doran, Past Camp Commanders E. Doleman, A. W. Du Pois, W. J. Hannigan, Richmond P. Hobson, George A. Joynes, Joseph P. McCrink, Charles N. B. Nicholson;

Delegate William MacKenzie.

M. Emmett Urell Camp, No. 9-Commander Charles O. Pierson, Senior Vice Commander J. Brainard Clarke, Junior Vice Commander B. L. Jacobson; Past Department Commanders F. S. Hodgson and Edward L. Cogan; Past Camp Commander R. E. Wallace; Delegates Charles L. Brockway, James McDonald; Alternates J. W. McClanahan, Andrew



"I-beg your pardon," he said, doubt

fully. "I'm afraid I don't quite under stand." The newcomer waved his hand to some acquaintance and smiled cheer-

fuly. marked, "There's a table d'hote luncheon for the modest sum of 18 pence, which is the cheapest way to feed, if it's decent. Some times it is, sometimes it isn't. I thought perhaps you might

Nairn, W. F. Ulirich, Chris Hintenach, ness. Who could watch the people Brennan, Alternates M. D. Mettee, R. L. It is the unfortunate West-Enders, who carry the burdens of wealth and the obligation of position, who have earned for us the reproach of duliness. Here we are on the threshold of Bohemia. Commanders Fred Kaske, Past Department Commanders Daniel V. Chisholm, James P. Greeley; Past Camp Commanders Clarence V. Sayer, Benjamin L. Tubman, Alexander C. McKelvey, William Henderson, Charles P. Harlow, Harry B. Coulter; Delegates A. J. Correll, John Perkins, L. A. Ton-

nander Thomas A. Green, Senior Vice blooded and unappreciative editor apprises my services at the miserable sum of three pounds a week. I have heard of people who have lived upon that

"You are a writer, then?" Douglas exclaimed eager?.
"I am a sort of hack upon the staff of scraps of work as you would bones to a corner of the office and throw me scraps of works you would bones to a dog. It is not dignified, but one must eat and drink-not to mention smoking. Permit me, by the bye, to offer you a cigarette and to recommend the cof-I taught Spargetti how to make it,

myself.

Douglas was listening with flushed cheeks. The Ibex! What a coincidence! "You are really on the staff of the Ibex?" he exclaimed. The other nodded.
"I hold exactly the position," he said.

"that I have described to you. My own impression is that without me the lbex would not exist a month. That is where the editor and I differ, unfor-

his. "What was the title?" "'No Man's Land.' Douglas Jesson was the name." ne name. newcomer filled Douglas' glass

son and Edward L. Cogan; Past Camp Commander R. E. Wallace; Delegates Charles L. Brockway, James McDonald; Alternates J. W. McClanahan, Andrew D. Tayler. The number of delegates to which Ureil Camp is entitled is rubject to the decision of Department Judge Advocate John Lewis Smith.

Parader Is Killed;

33 Are Hurt by Bomb

LISBON, June 11.—One person was killed and many others wounded by a bomb thrown at a procession in honor of Portugal's great epic and lyric poet, Luis de Camoena.

To paraders were attacked by a band salled forth from a side street, carr ing a black flag. During the encounter the bomb was exploded.

Waiter," he said, "bring more wine. My friend, Douglas Jesson, we must drink together. I remember your story, for I put the blue chalk on it myself and took it up to Drexley. It is a meeting, this, and we must celebrate. Your story will probably be used next week."

Douglas' eyes were bright and his cheeks were flushed. The flavor of living was sweet upon his palate. Here he was, who, only twelve hours ago, had gone skulking in the shrudows, looking out upon life with terrified eyes, tempted even to self-destruction, suddenly in touch once more with the things that were dear to him, realizing for the first time some of the dreams which had filled in the probably be used next week."

Douglas' eyes were bright and his cheeks were flushed. The flavor of living was sweet upon his palate. Here he was, who, only twelve hours ago, had gone skulking in the shrudows, looking out upon life with terrified eyes, tempted even to self-destruction, suddenly in touch once more with the things that were dear to him, realizing for the first time some of the dreams which had filled was a wanderer in Bohemia, wellow here the bomb was exploded. "You are on a visit here?" his new

of Portugal's great epic and lyric poet,
Luis de Camoena.

The paraders were attacked by a band
can ing a black flag. During the encounter the bomb was exploded.
The wounded, to the number of thirty-three, were taken to hospitals.
The bomb thrower was wounded by a splinter from his own missile. When taken to the hospital he said that he wished to commit suicide.

The commit suicide.

The definition of the dreams which had filled his brain in those long, sleepless hights upon the hilltop.
He was a wanderer in Bohemia, welcomed by an older spirit. Surely fortune had commenced at last to smile upon him.

"You are on a visit here?" his new friend asked, "or have you come to London for good?"

"For good, I trust." Douglas answered, smiling. "for I have burned my boats behind me."

"My name is Rice—yours I know al-

CHAPTER VIII.

The Author of "No Man's Land."

DOUGLAS returned his greeting cordially. His vis-a-vis drew the menu toward him and studied it with interest. Setting it down he screwed a single eyeglass into his eye and beamed over at Douglas. "Is the daily grind O. K.?" he inquired suavely.

Douglas was disconcerted at being unable to answer a question so pleasantly asked.

"Is her your pardon" he said doubt.

The Author of "No Man's Land."

I noticed that the postmark of your parcel was Feldwick in the Hills, somewhere in Cumberland. I think. Have you seen the papers during the last few days?"

Douglas left hand gripped the table, and the flush of color which the wine and excitement had brought into his cheeks, faded slowly away. The pleasant hum of voices, the keen joy of living, which a moment before had sent his blood flowing to a new music, left him. Nevertheless, he controlled himself, and answered steadily:

"I have had nothing else to do during the last few days but read the papers."

"You know about the murder, then?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

Mr. Rice was interested. He passed his cigarette case across the table and called for kummel.

"I wonder," he said, "did you know the man Guest—Douglas Guest?"

Douglas shook his head.

"Very slightly," he said. "I lived some distance away, and they were not sociable people."

"Murders as a rule," Rice continued, leaning back in his chair, "do not interest me. This one did. Why, I don't know. I hate to have reasons for everything. But to me there were many interesting points about this one. First, now"—

it isn't. I thought perhaps you might have sampled it."

"I believe I have," Douglas answered.
"I told the waiter to bring me the ordinary lunch, and I thought it was very good, indeed."

"Then I will risk it. Henri!"

He gave a few orders to the waiter, who treated him with much respect. Then he turned again to Douglas, "You have nearly finished," he sald. "Please don't hurry. I hate to eat alone. It is a whim of mine. If I eat alone. It is a whim of mine. If I eat alone. I read, and if I read get dyspepsla. Try the oat biscuits and the Camembert."

Douglas did as the newcomer had suggested.

"I am in no hurry," he said. I naventhing to do, nor anywhere to go."

"You speak as though that were unusual," Douglas laughed, "but I was just thinking that every one here seemed to be in the same state. Some one told me that London was a city of sadness. Who could watch the people around here and yet say so?"

The newcomer screwed his eyeglass and looked deliberately round the room. "Well," he said, "this is a resort of more along with me, and I will show you the way and arrange that he sees you."

Touglas stood up and ground his looked will be a far to me there were many interesting points about this one. First, ynthe like a far distant echo to Douglas, who sat with white face and averted eyes, struggling hard for composure. From the murder he passed on to the tragedy on the railway train.

"You know," he said, "I cannot help thinking that the police were a little hasty in assuming that the man was Douglas said, looking up, "besides the card. He was known, too, to have taken that train. Surely that was evidence enough?"

"It seems so," Rice answered, "and borting else, for my time is up," he added, glancing at the clock. "When are you golng to look up Drexley?"

The newcomer screwed his eyeglass and looked deliberately round the room. "Well," he said, "this is a resort of the control of the card of the murder he passed on to the tragedy on the railway train.

"You have nearly finished." he sald. "I see that I see that sees you."

Douglas stood up and ground his heel into the floor. Perish those hateful fears—that fainting sense of terror. Douglas Guest was dead. For Douglas Jesson there was a future never more bright than now.

"Come," he said. "You must drink with me once. Waiter, two more liqueurs."

"Success," Rice cried, lifting his glass to your interview with Drexley! He's not a bad chap, although he has his Douglas drained his glass to the dregs
—but he drank no different toast. The
two men left the place together.

CHAPTER IX. The Editor of Ibex Receives a Strange

Christopher.

Cracken, L. A. Hesper, Joseph Daly, W. J. Sammond.

James S. Pettit Camp, No. 3-Commander H. V. Shurtleff, Senior Vice Commander W. W. Fentress, Junior Vice Commander C. C. St. Clair, Past Department Commander S. G. Mawson, Past Camp Commander S. W. Alexander, William B. Hudson, R. B. Leach, H. J. Lockling, J. L. May, A. M. Russell, R. H. Wood; Delegates R. L. Longstreet, W. D. Hudson; Alternates W. H. Huston, J. A. Petterson.

Lawton Representatives.

Lawton Camp, No. 4-Com
Lawton Camp, No. 4-Comhis "sub," a few he opened himself and suffrage movement in Austria-Hungary, tossed into a basket for further atten- an international women's conference tion later on. It was a task which he opened here today, under the auspices never entered upon with much en- of the International Women's Suffrage

His room itself disclosed the man. It nightmare.
Only before him, in a handsome frame per, and tendance.

Only before him, in a handsome frame of dark wood, was the photograph of a woman round which a little space had been cleared. There was never so much chaos, but that the picture was turned where the light fell best upon it; the dirt might lie thick upon every inch in the room, but every morning a silk handkerchief carefully removed from the giass mounting every disfiguring speck.

Yet the man himself seemed to have the congent sentiment about him. His

Yet the man himself seemed to have ence. own impression is that without me the library would not exist a month. That is where the editor and I differ, unfortunately."

"It seems to odd." Douglas said. "Some time ago I sent a story to the looking for it to appear every week."

The shrewd little every twinkled into his.

"What was the stile?"

"What was the stile."

Yet the man himself seemed to have seemed. The man himself seemed to have it it is suffrage committee will hold a public reception for the visitors, and tomortunately."

Some time ago I sent a story to the been looking for it to appear every week."

The shrewd little every twinkled into his.

"What was the stile." to fall snort of it, which was not how-ever, the case. A man not easily led or controlled, a man of passions and preju-lees, emphatically not a man to be trifled with or ignored.

ices, emphatically not a trifled with or ignored.

In the midst of the pile of letters he came upon one at the sight of which his indifference vanished as though by magic. It was a heavy, square envelope, a coronet upon the flap, addressed to David Drexley, Esq., in a handwriting distinctly feminine. He singled it out from the rest, held it for a moment between his thumb and broad forefinger, and then turned his chair round, abandoning the rest of his correspondence as a matter of infinitesimal respondence as a matter of infinitesimal consequence.
A letter from her was by no means

A letter from her was by no means an every-day affair, for she was a woman of caprices, as who should know hetter than he? These were weeks during which it was her pleasure to hold herself aloof from him-and others-when the servants who denied her shook their heads to all questions, and letters met with no response. When

Then a thought came to the second which she often saw her friends. Surely this was a summons. He might see her within a few hours. He tore open the envel-

No. 30 Grosvenor Street. Wednesday. you find work for the young people in whom I have interested myself that my present charge upon your good nawhom I have interested myself that my present charge upon your good nature will doubtless seem strange to you. Yet I am as much in earnest now as then, and for the favor of granting what I now ask I shall be equally grateful. There is a young man named Jesson who has sent you a story, and who hopes to secure more work from you. It is not my wish that he should have it at present, and with regard to the work which you have already accepted, please let its production be delayed as long as postible, and payment for it made on the smallest possible scale. You will wonder at this, I know. Never mind. Do as I ask, and I will explain later.

That reminds me that I have seen nothing of you lately. This evening I shall be at home from 10 to 11. If your engagements permit of your coming to see me, I may perhaps be able to take you into my confidence. If you should come, bring with you the manuscript of this boy's story that I may judge for myself if the Ibex will be the loser. Yours most truly,

EMILY DE REUSS.

Drexley glanced through the letter raipdly, read it again more carefully, and then turned with a perplexed face to a little telephone which stood upon to a little telephone which stood upon his table. He summoned his manager, an untidy-looking person, with crumpled hair and ink-stained nagers, which he seemed perpetually attempting to conceal.

"Mr. Warmington, is that Jesson story set up?" the editor inquired, "Yes, sir. I understand that those were your instructions."

Drexive nodded

Drexley nodded,
"Well, I shall want it kept back for a bit," he said. "You can take another The manager stared.

Continuation of This Story Be Found In Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Women From Every Continent Cheer Progress of Cause in United States.

VIENNA, June 11 .- For the first time since the beginning of the woman thusiasm, for he was a man who hated Alliance and the Viennese women's sufrage committee

The conference, which will last two was a triumph of disorder. Books and days, is a preliminary to the great inmagazines were scattered all over the ternational congress which will open at floor. The proof sketch of a wonderful Budapest on Sunday, and most of the poster took up one side of the wall. delegates to the big meeting were in Leaning against the others were Vienna to attend the local gathering. sketches, pictures, golf clubs, and huge More than 100 American women, includpiles of books of reference. His table ing Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Carrie was a bewilderment, his mantelpiece a Chapman Catt, Miss Ida Husted Harnightmare.

Chapman Catt, Miss Ida Husted Harnightmare.

NEWARK, Ohio, June 11.-Josephine Burg fourteen, liked the smell of a rose so well that she tried to eat it. A doc-tor narrowly saved her from death by bug poison which had been sprinkled on the rose bush

Eats Rose; Poisoned.

You earn by the week, pay us by the week. Spring and Summer Apparel New and complete spring and Summer Stock of Ladles', Men's, Stock of Ladies', Men's, Boys', and Children's Ciothing and Furnish-ings, and Fashionable Millinery at low prices. You have the satis-faction of wearing the goods while paying for them. and Children's D. ROSENTHAL, 900 9th Street N.W.

TAFT QUOTES WILSON NEW PUBLIC PRINTER

From Islands Clash at New York Banquet.

gate from the islands in the House of factory because of his high standing i Representatives at Washington, and the cause of organized labor. In unic his occasion was the first annual dinner of the newly formed Philippine So- ed as a co

it was generality that he culled from the President's writing to support his argument. Mr. Taft quoted Woodrow Wilson, quoted him faithfully and at story of about the same length from the length, but he was able to muster ically on the question in hand. Quezor quoted Mr. Taft in a manner to sug-gest that he, as a Philippine authority had once spoken in sympathy with the nad once spoken in sympathy with the proposition of immediate national independence for the islands. Mr. Taft showed, and not without some heat, that his remarks had been taken from a context which showed he had been volcing no such sympathy.

"My friends," said Quezon, "there is one thing that stands as the greatest of harriers to the 'sympathetic interest'.

of barriers to the 'sympathetic interest you would foster so commendably That is the fact that the masses of the Flilpinos are with me when I say: "'I would rather starve a free mar than be fed a mere thing.' Not Own Saying. "That saying is not my own. I am quoting it, but quoting it from no political demagogue. I am quoting from greatest modern republic. It was Wood-

starve a free man than be fed a mere thing."
"And," said Mr. Taft, when his chance came, "it is Woodrow Wilson who, in his 'Congressional History of the United States,' says that 'self-government is not something you can give." self-government is the character of a people, and until they acquire that character they are not capable of self-government. He says it is our duty to continue to give them the best government we can, to see if they can acquire that character which means self-government."

Inclatiful that that the character of a people, and until they acquire that character which means self-government."

Quozon compared the status of the Philippines with that of the dead man a group of Westerners found swinging from the limb of a tree with his body bearing the placard, "In status quo." They brought the country school teacher down to interpret it for them, and after some perplexity he announced that it meant the man was in a "pretty darned bad fix."

Would Sample Cooking. WORCESTER, Ohlo, June 11 .- "Brides

applying for marriage licenses, should being samples of their cooking." said Judge Weygandt when Philo Law-rence testified in his wife's divorce suit that she couldn't cook.

SUMMER RESORTS

FAVORED BY UNIONS Former President and Delegate Ford Appointment Declared

Satisfactory by Leading

Typographical Men. ter, is acceptable to the union men and Government printers. This is assured from opinions given today by Preside

Columbia Typographical Union. James M. Lynch, president of the In ternational Union, had a strong follow ing here, but, according to the talk to day, the appointment of Ford is sat

his occasion was the first annual dinner of the newly formed Philippine Society, dedicated to the creation of "a more sympathetic interest between the people of this country and the people of this country and the had to sit down and contain himself in patience while William Howard Taft, of Yale, told him and told the others that his people could not, and should not, have their wish because they were not ready yet for self-government.

Prof. Taft went crashing into his arguments in one of the most earnest and impassioned speeches he ever delivered in this city. Many diners who had repeatedly heard Mr. Taft as a speaker during his Presidency, said that at no time before had he ever flung himself so thoroughly and so ardently into a post-prandial discussion.

Quezon quoted Woodrow Wilson, but it was generality that he culled from it was generality that he creation of the fovernment office are well pleased with Mr. Ford's averogingment.

Fry Chicken in Cottolene

The best fried chicken you ever ate can be made with Cottolene.

Cottolene can be heated to a much higher temperature than either butter or lard, without burning. It fries so Best location; reasonable rates; boating, fishing, bathing; booklet on request. A. H. SUPLEE, Prop., Betterton, Md. the utterances of the President of the quickly that little of the fat is row Wilson who said: . I would rather absorbed, preventing the food being greasy. For this reason, Cottolene-fried food is more helathful than food fried in of a butter or lard.

farcosts much

ther; very less than butter.

SUMMER RESORTS

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BRADDOCK HEIGHTS, MD.
Beautiful View. J.
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water. Trolley
building. Good
Outcopathic, Ps.

HOTEL BRADDOCK BRADDOCK HEIGHTS, MD. Under New Management.

MRS. CECILIA K. MILLER has now opened the Ozone Cottage on Jeffe son boulevard; view unsurpassed, homelik Braddock Heights, Md. GLENDALE

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FAIRMONT Beautiful view of Frederick and Middleton Valley; special attention to table; a. m. i Miss A. Kefauver; Braddock Heights. BUENA VISTA SPRING, PA.

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River; Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Crabbing;
Excellent Cuisine; Sea Food In Abundance;
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Within 5 Min. Walk Of Pier, J. FILL LEGG.

Betterton, Md. THE EMERSON house in Betterton. Large rooms, fin pleasant, homelike. Boating, bathing A. P. EMERSON.

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OH, YOU GYROPLANE!

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